

to the bank of the

THE PRESS.
SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 26, 1872.
Gossip and Gleanings.
Coal is going down—by the canal.

How to serve a dinner right—eat it.

A Brookfield woman was completely unmanned by the loss of her husband.

Kerosene will clean black silk beautifully. Use a sponge.

We never know how thoroughly hollow and unsatisfying this world is until we have bitten into a quince.

Columbine is the very pretty name of a young Danbury girl—that is at home; at school they call her "Lum."

A Kansas man who tried to steal the road

The pious Enfield Shakers manage to nut

The sophomores of the Michigan University lately underwent the disgrace of being taken from their downy beds *en dishabille* by

The Freshmen and thoroughly washed under a frosty pump spout.

An Illinois woman and her husband have had a passage-at-arms. She used buck-shot, he stove-wood. The coroner decided that the superiority lay with the former. :

A North Carolina paper announces as twin merits that a Goldsboro' man, 30 years old, has never heard a religious sermon nor tasted a drop of liquor.

The people of New Orleans devour more

When a Cleveland sewing machine agent, is attacked by an infuriated customer, he smiles, and lets the latter hit him on his cheek. That is proof against any blow.

Smart youngsters in Hudson, N. Y., arm themselves with an empty envelope and a pass-book, and, pretending to have a telegram for an actor, gain admittance to theatrical entertainments.

An Indiana newspaper correspondent tells of a woman who paid a deceased female friend a compliment after this wise: "For patient resignation, the corpse could dance all around any woman living."

The singers Grisi and Mario annually cleared, as profits for twenty-five years or more, one hundred thousand dollars at least.

and now Mario is said to be poor. Much of the money was squandered in extravagant living.

"Society" has lately adopted two sensible maxims: first, that one may call on as many or as few as he pleases, and the uncalled-on

Several New York young ladies have formed an anti-tobacco society, and amuse themselves by inducing their gentleman friends to

The Nashville newsboy is described as a moral juvenile of staid habits, and the pros-

pect is, if he continues on his present course, he will rise to a responsible position in life—that of a traveling agent of an insurance company, or a peddler of sewing machines, a colporteur, or something of that sort.

A gentleman from Newtown in Danbury,

Saturday, was so amused at the price of potatoes that he shed a set of teeth in laughing over it. The moment they dropped his mouth drew in like a whirlpool, crowding and piling into his throat the most astounding mixture of profanity and indignation ever heard there.

The California reporters are interviewing an African salamander who licks red-hot poker, dances on red-hot plates, and drinks Cincinnati whiskey without a wince. The missionaries don't know how to attack him, as the prospect of a free range in fire and brimstone is rather attractive to him than

M. Mario's present visit to this country recalls to mind the sharpest witticism of Madame Grisi, at the time his wife, and one of the best bits of repartee on record. King Louis Phillippe (or some other sovereign), passing

through a room where Grisi stood holding two of her young children by the hand, said gaily: "Ah! madame, are those, then, some of your little *Grisettes*?" "No, sire," was the quick reply, perfect in every requirement of the pun, "no, sire, these are my little *Marionettes*."

The writer of a few years ago might have said "He laughed, she wept." Perhaps the poet of a more civilized age would write; "He laughed in scorn; she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But now-a-days the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard, fiendish laugh

scornful and pitiless, forced its passage from his throat, through the lips that curled in mockery of her appeal; she covered her despairing face, and a gust and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears!"

Max Adeler says that Mrs. Smith was thus addressed by her new Chinese servant, when he wanted to know if he should bring up a pail of water: "Would the beauteous dove who broods like an angel of peace over this fair haven of domestic felicity, cooing soft notes to her affectionate mate, desire me to fetch the wooden vessel from the sink?"

This is the way in which the ancient and venerable Rudersdoff struck an Omer.

youth: "To tell you how she sung would be impossible, but if one may compare an object of sight to one of sound, would say that her voice is like a rocket, which from the first bursts upon the sight with a magnificence that claims undivided attention, and in an instant carries your attention from earth to hea-

ven, where it bursts into 10,000 orbs of glory

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